

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.

VOL. I.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori.

Mr. Easy,

IN the days of early youth, that period when the mind fresh from the hand of its *Divine Author* glows with all the generous feelings, which dignify our nature, and stamp the true nobility of soul, I have dwelt with ineffable delight on the above sentiment. The spot where we first drew breath, endeared to us by every recollection of infantine pleasure, by the remembrance of parental tenderness, and the ties of consanguinity, claims our fondest regard. As we advance toward manhood, the honourable achievements of our progenitors in many a well fought field, their acknowledged excellence in science, in arts and in arms, have a powerful tendency to raise in us, a spirit of emulation, personally advantageous to the individual, and useful and honourable to the community. The vaunted general Philanthropy of modern Philosophists, unless originating from this social and local source, seems to me, an utopian phantom unfounded in practice, and existing only in the overheated brain of some visionary enthusiast, or flippant on the tongue of some designing demagogue for selfish purposes. Friendly benevolence, arising in the first instance, from the small circle of family connexion, progresses with the expansion of our faculties, and eventually embraces the whole human race. This is beautifully exemplified by one of our best poets, in the simple simile of throwing a pebble into a smooth lake, the circles undulating from the fall of which into the water, are at first small, but by degrees extend themselves farther and farther, until they are completely lost to our view.— Yet those circles must diverge from a given point, like the radii, from the centre to the circumference, and not revert back from the circumference to the centre. Hence the man who is deficient in domestic and friendly attachments,

can never possess, let him pretend what he will, universal philanthropy. It has become necessary to insist the more strongly on this topic, because modern theorists have mistaken the effect for the cause, and evils of incalculable danger to society, might result from an adoption of this principle. It would destroy the mutual affection, and prevent the reciprocity of kindness between parent and child, by dissolving that obligation, which links them together, namely, protection and education on the one part, and duty and gratitude on the other. In fine, it would unhinge the very bonds of the parental and social compacts, and let loose more plagues on mankind than Pandora's box. On the other hand, admitting the first principle as an axiom, and it has stood the test of ages, and been approved of by the wisest of men, what numerous benefits we perceive at a single glance! the patriotic citizen lives for his family, his friends, his country; self is the least consideration with him. The glorious example of Decius devoting himself for Rome, and Leonidas for Sparta, will be applauded and admired, while virtue remains on earth. The sentiments used by the last Hero, to animate his countrymen, appalled at the sight of the almost innumerable Persian host, are so singularly beautiful, that no apology will be necessary for their insertion; they are thus given in the elegant language of Glover.

—“He alone

“Remains unshaken. Rising he displays
“His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
“Adorn his frame, and manly beauty join'd
“With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
“Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
“Where justice gives the laurel: in his eye
“The unextinguishable spark, which fires
“The souls of Patriots: while his brow supports
“Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
“Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng:
“Why this astonishment on every face,
“Ye men of Sparta, does the name of death
“Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
“Why do we labour through the arduous paths

" Which lead to virtue? fruitless were the toil,
 " Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
 " The distant summit, if the fear of death
 " Could intercept our passage. But in vain
 " His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
 " To shake the firmness of the mind, which knows
 " That wanting virtue, life is pain and woe:
 " That, wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,
 " And looks around for happiness in vain.
 " Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life;
 " My heart exulting answers to thy call,
 " And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
 " The gods allow to many: but to die
 " With equal lustre, is a blessing heaven
 " Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
 " And with a sparing hand on few bestows"——

Let him that possesses a heart of sensibility read this, and say, whether he does not feel an ardor, which renders him superior to the apprehensions of danger and death, and which nearly sublimates the corporeal body to ethereal spirit. Need I mention the magnanimous poverty of *Cincinnatus*, or the noble continence and self-denial of the youthful *Scipio*, resulting in both cases, from that exalted love of country refined by the brave manners of the age.— In the indulgence of this generous passion, which properly exerted is the spur to worthy deeds, we must have a care, to avoid that persecuting disposition against all those we deem *foreigners*, which has not unfrequently sprung from it. The Romans, during the most flourishing times of the republic, carried this love of country to a faulty excess in many instances; they stigmatised other nations with the epithet of Barbarians, and held it justifiable to attack and subdue them, in some cases without having received any offence, in others, on the slightest pretences. It is true, this may have accrued, partly from that excessively martial spirit, which it was their policy to encourage, but we must still trace its principal cause to the first mentioned source. Great things unquestionably may be effected, by cherishing ideas of national pride and superiority; for instance, in Britain they inhale with their mothers' milk the notion, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, this belief, absurd and false as it certainly is, has actually enabled him to do more than he would otherwise have done without this confidence in himself. Constituted as the world is, a nation to be respectable, must have a determined character and fixed propensities, without which it will become disjointed in its parts, split into anarchy and faction, and dwindle down into sordid selfishness and insignificance.— The best affections of the human heart may be perverted, and often are, but the abuse of a good thing, by no means implies its nullity, for it would not be rational to reject food, because some men have died of surfeits. All pas-

sions have their particular uses, and are the *stimuli*, which give impetus and energy to character. To be a great man, one must have strong, decided, and furious passions. A famous physiognomist of ancient times was asked his opinion of *Socrates*, to whom he was a stranger—on examining the lines of his face, the *Grecian Lavater* readily replied, that he was a man of the most vicious and ungovernable passions; the pupils of the philosopher were much scandalised at the censure thrown on their master, but *Socrates*, when told of it, mildly answered—*I was such naturally*, but philosophy has enabled me to conquer my passions. It should then be the study of the legislators of every country, to encourage this *amor patriæ* with the most delicate attention, but restrain it from being carried to an inordinate excess, by enlightening the mind with religion and good morals, and forming the habits to industry, economy and the practice of charity and benevolence.

Should Mr. Easy think the following not unworthy a place in the Companion, he may, if he pleases, publish it. He will, no doubt, pardon its many inaccuracies, when he is informed that it is produced from the pen of a very youthful female, and written to pass away a leisure hour.

Returning the other evening from a visit to an elderly maiden lady, whom I found venting on all around her, the ill humour excited by disappointment and neglect, I found myself, before I was aware of it, at the door of my amiable friend Cornelia. Wishing to dissipate the unpleasant reflections created by the recollection of the past scene, I entered the hospitable mansion. What a different aspect every thing here wore compared to what I had just quitted. There I beheld a neglected being, dead to every joyous feeling, and uttering nought but complaints of the contempt of the world, which she drew down on herself by her own ill conduct; whilst in my Cornelia I witnessed one of the happiest of her sex. I saw her surrounded by her darling infants; the tear of joy glistened in her eye as she viewed the little group of cherubs, who were indulging in all the thoughtless merriment of childhood; while the beloved partner of her cares, whose heart beat responsive to her own, breathed a silent ejaculation to the author of all good, for the continuance of such heartfelt bliss.

Obligated by the lateness of the hour to tear myself from the delightful spectacle, I left them absorbed in the most soothing ideas, and fully convinced that the only "resort of peace" is home. Where can we find a more pleasing picture to contemplate, than the felicity enjoyed by a virtuous pair, whose sole study is the happiness of each other?

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Who cheerfully resign the gaieties of the fashionable world, where, perhaps, they would have shone unrivalled, for the calm delights of domestic happiness. Affluence may gild our days, honours may be heaped on us, but unless there is a bosom that will participate in our joys, affluence and honours may be conferred in vain. The shafts of adversity will pass harmlessly by, when the protecting arm of a beloved companion is raised to ward off the blow, and folded in each others arms they can bid defiance to the frowns of fortune. The attentive hand of affection will pluck every thorn from the paths of life, and strew in their places ever-blooming roses. Who then can be so blind as to prefer those empty pleasures, that however gratifying for the moment, never fail to leave a sting behind, to "the matchless joys of virtuous love." Surely if there be any such, they never have met with congenial souls bound together by the most endearing of all ties, never have traced them through every stage of their happiness, from its first dawn till it gradually fades away with the last glimmerings of the lamp of life. Their stream of bliss taking its rise from so pure a source, will continue its gentle and uninterrupted course through all the vicissitudes of this transitory state. Every revolving year will find the sacred flame glowing with undiminished fervour in their breasts.

Till evening comes at last serene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

AMANDA.

Mr. Easy will much oblige an old correspondent, by inserting the following. It is the production of one whose extreme diffidence has hitherto precluded publicity to pieces of infinitely more value: the present accidentally falling into my hands, I send it to you under the impression that its piety will at least entitle it to a place. This piece possesses the germs of the authoress' talents, future pieces may possess her maturer blossoms.

Y.

ON HAPPINESS.

To enjoy happiness is the first and greatest propensity of the human heart, and it is in vain to attempt its suppression. Notwithstanding the eagerness with which it is pursued how little is it substantiated. The author of the universe has created in us for wise purposes an ardent desire to obtain it, and has implanted it firmly in the mind

that we should be very careful in cultivating what leads to so invaluable an acquisition. The general disposition of mankind is soon satiated with new projects and dissatisfied with their respective situations; all exclaiming that content inhabits not their bosoms. God's omnipotence has judiciously allotted in succession good and evil; by this vicissitude we are taught to keep steady in our philosophy and religion; the one reminds us of his omniscience and power; the other of his goodness and mercy, and by frequent meditation we have the steerage of hope to support us in distress; and is it not to be lamented? that while we are aspiring to this divine interesting research we too frequently permit the object of our pursuit to run in such opposite directions that our view is scarcely creditable. We witness daily, nay even hourly the correctness of this truth; while grasping at the shadow of happiness we lose the real substance. We ignorantly imagine it consists in power, wealth and dissipation. The prince in all his splendour is not happier than the peasant who labours for his food if not influenced by sweet content; we too often suffer even trifling incidents to excite our displeasure. Why not command and exert a cheerful disposition and endeavour to communicate it to others? will not the result be a pleasing impression? by an improper pursuit after happiness many have involved themselves in a vortex and then are willing to exclaim like Solomon "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." The art of happiness consists in content, and if supported by fortitude, will be a permanent standard for our tranquility here and future bliss hereafter. We should at least carefully avoid offending the Almighty by repining or murmuring at his dispensations who has promised us forgiveness and support under all afflictions. MONIMIA.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.
(Continued from page 230.)

"Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
"Win and conquer, never cease,
"May thy lasting wide dominion
"Multiply and still increase:
"Sway thy sceptre,
"Saviour, all the world around."

II. The immorality, licentiousness, and infamous practices which stain the memory, and disgrace the character of the ancients.

It is needless to pretend to prove that man is the proper subject of moral government; since this is apparent, from his possession of reason, his ability to perform virtuous or vicious actions, his deserving praise, and meriting censure.—Considering man at the time of his first creation, it is not an improbable supposition, that God

gave him a rule for his moral conduct, as well as for his religious deportment.

Divine providence hath assisted man in leading him to a knowledge of his duty—God has imparted a certain sense of what is right and what is wrong; he has implanted in him reasoning powers which are formed to controul his vicious propensities and desires, and to regulate his affections and actions—To show us what is rectitude of conduct, and to teach us the nature of morality, we have the knowledge of others—Added to all these, God has revealed true morality in his word; and that he should give his creatures some standard whereby they might judge of the propriety of their conduct is extremely probable.

In whatever state of moral uprightness man was first created, it is no less deplorable than true that he fell from it, and plunged himself into the excess of corruption: now moral duty includes all that we can perform aright, and may be divided into three distinct parts.

The first more immediately respects our duty to God, in reference to those acts of piety, and that religious service we owe him.

The second comprehends the duties which devolve upon us, as it regards our neighbours and the world at large.

The third refers to our personal duties, as the government of our passions, the restraint of our dispositions, and indeed every act whereby our corruptions may be subdued, and sobriety and purity promoted. That rule of moral duty is not sufficiently extensive, or adequately restrictive which does not include all these.

Many of the heathen writers expressed themselves with great perspicuity and force on the subjects of morality; but from all their works it would be impossible to form a complete system of morals, which would comprehend all the various branches of this enumeration. If we examine the moral conduct of the heathen by this rule, we shall find that they were most awfully relaxed. Morality certainly was not an ingredient in their religion; for when engaged in the worship of those they honored as deities, they committed the most daring impieties, and openly manifested the vilest scenes of debauchery.

The Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and others, tolerated by law and forbearance, incest, theft, dishonesty, cruelties, pœderasty, sodomy, fornication, adultery, drunkenness, suicide, and every other species of iniquity.

I shall not offend your delicacy by inserting particulars and proofs, but conclude this part of the subject by requesting you to read that passage of Paul's, Romans 1st, 18th verse to the end; which ancient history assures us is infallibly true.

III. The unsatisfactory doctrine they held concerning the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments.

The doctrines of a future state, and the immortality of the soul are of great consequence; because, if established they serve to restrain the children of men from pernicious actions, and the commission of those enormities which injure themselves and others. Irrefragable arguments might be adduced in its support, but the consideration of the state of the world only, with regard to virtue and vice, will satisfy any unprejudiced and candid person who meditates on this subject. Is it just to conclude that for all the wickedness we see there will be no punishment? Is it proper to think that every species of vice will be suffered to reign, without afterwards receiving its just desert; or is it unreasonable to infer from the want of equality in this world as it respects the situations of the good and the wicked, of the moral and the licentious, that a time will arrive when the one will be liberally and amply rewarded, and the other deservedly condemned? The ancients on this subject held the most defective notions. Is it not closely connected with our peace, comfort, and happiness? Then surely we cannot deny that there was a pressing demand for more light than nature gives.

This doctrine was held in the most distant ages of mankind, it was a part of that religion which God at first revealed to our common parents; and was preserved through all ages by tradition. In process of time as the other corruptions of which we have been speaking gradually increased, so this subject became obscure and dark. That many of the philosophers altogether denied this interesting truth, cannot be doubted. Those of them who taught it were under the greatest uncertainty, and did not speak or write with precision. The history of the most wise and learned amongst them convinces us that they did not arrive to a perfect satisfaction in their own minds when they were about to leave this state. And of that elysium whose existence they allowed, they would not assert the eternity except for a few privileged characters who had in the present state arrived to a certain degree of perfection: and though the crediting a state of future rewards necessarily implies another of a different nature, that of punishments; yet this was almost entirely refused admission into their writings; they considering it a mere superstitious fancy, and a whim of those who wished to terrify the mind by placing before it a state of woe. Such was the darkness which pervaded the minds of the inhabitants of this world.

The above will be sufficient to convince a candid enquirer after truth, of the necessity of some farther illumi-

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nation than that which reason unassisted by revelation possesses. From this representation we conclude, that more illumination was necessary ; and if given to us, that it would be revealed in an extraordinary manner, and speak explicitly on those subjects of which man was most ignorant.

(To be continued.)

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued from page 229.)

Although with a few minutes of preparation, and a few written notes, (as he wrote short hand with the utmost readiness) he could qualify himself sufficiently for giving an hour's lecture on most topics that occur in Moral Philosophy and Logick, yet he wished to comprehend the whole course in a series of written prelections. The composing of these would, he rightly thought, make him master of his business ; and to these, when they were composed, he could trust as a provision, if bad health should at any time render him unequal to the effort of lecturing extempore. But of this plan he did not live to execute the tenth part.

To make the young scholar perform exercises in Latin verse, is not now customary, so far as I know in any of the schools of North Britain ; which I have long thought a deficiency in our discipline. I wished him to attempt this mode of composition, resolving, however, not to urge it, if he should find it difficult. Accordingly, as soon as I knew him to be sufficiently master of ancient prosody, I advised him to write Latin verses. He said, he did not think he could do it, but that, since I desired it, he would make a trial, provided I gave him a subject. A lobster happening to be on the table, I proposed that as the argument of his first essay ; and next day he brought me four hexameters, which, considering his age and inexperience (for he was then only fourteen,) I thought tolerable ; and I encouraged him to make further trials, when he should find himself in the humour and at leisure. He continued from time to time to amuse himself in this way, and soon acquired a facility in it. He found it, he said, of the greatest advantage in giving him a ready command of Latin phraseology ; by obliging him to think in that language, and to revolve in his mind a variety of synonymous expressions, while in quest of that which would suit the measure and sound of his verse. It must not be imagined that he lost much time in this study. He applied to it very seldom, and when he had nothing else to do, and never, for so I advised, above half an hour in one day. Being urged by me to declare how

much he might do in that half hour, he owned, with a modest reluctance natural to him on such occasions, that in half an hour he would sometimes compose from ten to fifteen or twenty lines. Were all the half hours he ever employed in this exercise to be thrown into one sum, they would not amount to fourteen days.

Among his Latin compositions, I find one or two original odes, and some epistles in imitation of Horace* ; and translations of several favourite English songs, of some detached stanzas from the *Castle of Indolence*, and of some parts of the *Minstrel*. Whether he purposed to make a complete version of this last poem, I know not : his partiality to it was no doubt excessive ; which the good natured reader will pardon.

In November 1786 he translated into Latin verse Pope's *Elegy* on an unfortunate lady, and the *Messiah* of the same poet. The former were printed, but without a name ; the latter never received his last emendations. In both these pieces, as well as in the version of *Sir Balaam*, the translation has the same number of lines with the original. His notions of translation were as strict as those of Horace ; † he thought it should be as literal as the genius of the language into which it is made will permit ; and that, as closely as possible, it should imitate the spirit, especially the simplicity and conciseness, and, (if poetical) the harmony, of the original. Of paraphrastic, or, as they have been called, *free* translations, he did not

* The most humorous, and one of the longest, of his poetical essays, is a Latin epistle (in imitation of Horace) giving a description of a publick entertainment : but to private characters, though it is not satirical, it has so many allusions, that I suppress it, as I know he himself would have done.

† It is strange that the passage of Horace here alluded to (Epist. ad Pison. v. 133.) should have been so generally understood to mean just the contrary of what the poet intended ; as if he had been there laying down rules for translation, and disapproving of literal or close translations. The meaning of those words, *Nec verbum verbo curabis redere fidus Interpres*, viewed in their connection with what immediately goes before and follows, is this : " It is difficult and hazardous to invent new fables and characters ; and a dramatick poet may do better to take the subject of his piece from Homer, than to make the whole of it new. But, in doing this, that he may not incur the blame of exhibiting as his own what belongs to another, he must be careful, first, not to make his fable exactly the same with that of the original author ; secondly, not to translate his words literally, as a faithful interpreter would do ; and lastly to conduct his play according to the genius not of epick but of tragick composition."—Terence was not ashamed of having translated literally : (see Prolog. ad Adelph.) and they who are acquainted with that author will not suppose, either that his translations were inelegant ; or that they would have been more elegant if they had been less literal.

approve. He thought the *freedom* of such interpreters might be occasioned rather by want of critical skill in their own or their author's language, than by correctness of taste or luxuriancy of genius: at any rate, whether meant to conceal ignorance, or improve the original author, he thought that such versions were misrepresentations, and therefore unjustifiable. On this principle he must have condemned some juvenile attempts of mine: but I have reason to think he never saw them; and I was too much ashamed of them to direct his attention that way.

The poetical translation he admired most was Dobson's *Paradisus Amissus*; which is indeed more exact, more spirited, more elegant, and more like its original, than any other I have seen: I cannot account for its being so much neglected. He also esteemed very highly Mr. Potter's translations of the Greek tragedies. In the Virgil of Dryden he owned there were good lines; but was disgusted with that translator's inattention, in too many places, to the sense, and still more conspicuous inattention, to the spirit, of his original. Of Pope's Homer he may have read parts, but never I think went through the whole. He thought it a pleasing English Poem but by no means a faithful exhibition of the genius of Homer. On his own attempts in translation he set no value. He engaged in them as exercises merely, for improving himself, or amusing me; and when he had put them in my hand, and heard what I thought of them, which I own was always favourable, he commonly left them with me and made no further inquiry about them. The version of Pope's Unfortunate Lady was printed by my desire, and almost against his will: it was never published; but I sent copies of it to some of our Friends.

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

Falstaff having given the following dissertation upon Honour,

"Well, honour pricks me on," &c. &c. &c.

induces me to observe the operation of honour on the gambler and the thief.

The Duellists, like Jobson at Blindman's Buff, laying about them slap dash, North, East, West, South on every point of the compass, cause honour to answer to *all points*, and, therefore, *all make a point of honour*.

Any man, who has visited Tennis Courts, Billiard Rooms, Horse Racing, Whist Clubs, Skittle Grounds, and Hazard Tables, will find that it is one of Honour's points to make it a *point of honour* in the loser to demand his money again, under the pretence of its having been won unfairly. And it is also a *point of honour* in the

winner refusing to return it. Thus, those honourable Gamblers are agitated and stimulated to cut each other's throats, which is the dernier resort among these gentry for the preservation of their honour. But this is not to be greatly lamented as it prevents many of them from being compelled—by the verdict of an honest Jury, to *drop their honour* at the drop of Newgate. To those who conceive they have received such injuries as will admit of no other atonement than the dreadful alternative of killing or being killed, I would recommend the following observation of a madman—"Let your enemies alone, and they'll die of themselves."

It has been observed, that no place in or out of Christendom possesses so much honour as the city and suburbs of London. To prove that London is the plenum of honour, what man or woman can you meet with that will not declare themselves people of honour? Who can you converse with, that will not asseverate all they say with a pledge of their honour?

The Turks, having no idea of honour or knowledge of duelling, must be less civilized than Christians; *that custom of killing in defence of honour is only practised where the gospel is taught*; and yet it must be known, that no vice is more deprecated by the tenets of the said gospel than such savage brutality.

There is a part of Christendom, where the people preserve a superior species of honour. In Spain, this honour is carried into the Inquisition, where they rack, stab, and poison, and all for their honour, and the glory of their Maker.

The French are not much bigotted to matrimonial or religious honour. But they have such romantic ideas of glory, that they prefer it to limbs, life, and good government. In the madness of their honour, they have deluged their country with blood and devastation.

May such honour sleep eternally, never to wake again.

I shall endeavour to remove the melancholy idea of this French honour by the following whimsical anecdote.

Magrah Monaghan, of Connaught, dined one day with Terence O'Hara, in the Queen's County. Monaghan was every inch of him a gentleman, and scorned to do a dirty thing. But as necessity and honour are ever at see-saw with all gentlemen of no fortunes, it happened, at that instant, Need was uppermost, and gave an impelling or propelling quality to some of Mr. Magrah's muscles.

Astronomers, or rather astrologers, are not clear enough in their accounts for us to ascertain, which of the planetary influences predominated, so as to cause a silver spoon before grace after meat was said, to gravitate into Mr.

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Magrah Monaghan's pocket. Did we presume to astrological calculation, we might conjecture it was Mercury, who has the character of being the aider, abettor, and patron of thieving. However this may be, the spoon was missed, and his host very mildly taking his guest aside, whispered him—

“My dear, will you be after telling me any thing of the spoon?”

Magrah.—“Is it the spoon you mean? The devil burn me into tinder-ashes, Terence, if I know no more of your spoon than St. Patrick.”

Terence.—“Well, but don't you at all at all?”

Magrah.—“Why then, by the contents of this (catching up the mustard-pot as if it had been the Bible) I don't—Would you now be thinking I'd be telling you a lye?”

Terence.—“But upon your honour don't you?”

Magrah.—“My honour!—By J—s, there's (taking the spoon from his pocket) the vagabond spoon again! and I'll tell one thing, Terence, and that ain't two, I wouldn't forfeit my honour for all the spoons in the county of Christendom.”

PEDANTRY.

A Pedantick gentleman who was lately travelling, and above common language, stopped at an inn to get his horse and himself refreshment. Seeing some boys, when he alighted, he ordered one to “circumambulate his horse two or three times round the mansion, then permit him to inhale a moderate quantity of aqueous particles, after which to give him proper vegetable nutriment, and would make him pecuniary satisfaction.”

The boy being unaccustomed to such language, ran into the house, and told his father a prince was without who spoke French; the father comes out, and hearing the man scold, asked him what was the matter.—“Sir (says the gentleman) I invoke all the genii astestis's that your offspring rejected me, and refused to put in practice my desires: Now, sir, you I implore to enforce obedience upon them by correction, and then immediately provide some nutritious substance, to strengthen nature, cured over vegetable fuel, as I abhor the sulphurous tincture of minerals: remember to get me some stimulous with it.” The innkeeper, without hesitation, concluded him a madman, and with his lusty wife, seized and tied his hands and feet to a ring in the barn floor, then went for a doctor, who put a moderate blister on his back, which in three days brought him to his wandering sense.

ANECDOTES.

A living writer, of great celebrity, calling upon his bookseller one evening was asked to stay to supper. A goblet being introduced made of a cocoa-nutshell, carved into the resemblance of a human head, attracted the notice of the guest, who admired it much: “Pray,” says Folio, “don't be afraid to drink, Mr. what dy'e call 'um, it is not a skull.”—“Why (rejoined the other) I should not have wondered if it was, for you booksellers drink your wine out of our skulls.”

An eccentric divine at Bristol some years ago was much complained against by his parishioners, for the ridiculous manner of his preaching, and the personal remarks which he often made in his sermons. The archdeacon and bishop's chaplain were directed to go secretly to his church, and to bring a faithful report to his lordship. They did not, however, manage matters so well but that the parson got scent of their errand. Being never at a loss, he took for his text Genesis xlii. 9. “*Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land you are come.*” The sermon was so ingenious and connected, that a good report was carried to the bishop, and the parson triumphed over his enemies.

The same clergyman was much given to preach long sermons, which gave great offence to most of his hearers, and remonstrances were made to him on the subject. At length he gravely promised to give them a *short subject* next Sunday—and short it was, for the text was only Luke xviii, 8. “*Nevertheless;*” but the sermon was about half an hour longer than his former ones. “And now,” said he, after well exhausting their patience, “I know you are all fretting and grumbling because your dinners are spoiling at home, but *nevertheless* I shall go on.”

Dr. Butler, the celebrated bishop of Cloyne, it is well known, started a philosophical hypothesis, in which he maintained the non-existence of matter. On his return from the Royal Society one evening, when it was very dark, accompanied by a friend, the doctor ran against a post, and bruised himself pretty much. “Poh, poh (says his friend) how can you complain when you know *its no matter.*”

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ORIGINAL POETRY.  
THE FORCE OF LOVE.

Let the fierce warrior on the bloody plain  
Seek tinsell'd honor in a nation's woe;  
Give smiling virtue to the hand of pain,  
And lay the bleeding helpless orphan low.  
The field ensanguin'd suits not to my mind,  
For me war's purple pomp can boast no charms;  
I leave afar its martial arms behind,  
And court the circle of my Rosa's arms.

Let the wild hunter in the savage chase  
Thro' desert stern, and dreary wilderness,  
Pursue the fierce beast in the hardy race;  
I envy not the danger of his bliss.  
For trophy fur-lin'd, and the fox's brush,  
The scented morn I'll never violate:  
From Rosa's beauty never will I rush,  
To her the morn of life I'll dedicate.

Let the rash seaman plough the stormy sea,  
In floating bastion proudly worlds defy,  
Hurl on blockaded towns the stern decree,  
And view their flames with tear-unsullied eye.  
Content I'll happy plough my little field,  
Turning the new-raised furrow from the soil;  
To her my time, my life devoted yield,  
While she shall gen'rous share domestic toil.

The tented camp the warrior soon would leave,  
Unheard the trump which wild ambition sounds:  
No more the horn's shrill melody would grieve  
When lost, or echoed music of the hounds:  
The sailor rocking on the dizzy mast  
No more would tremble on the height above;  
But think in deep repentance of the past  
If tasted once the purer joy of LOVE.

YELSE.

*The neglected Wife's address to her Husband.*

Lost to the world and all my heart held dear,  
My fever'd fancy broods o'er scenes of woe;  
No bosom friend, my lonely hours to cheer,  
Nature seems blank to me, where'er I go.

Behold me strug'ling with misfortune's sigh,  
Oh, see me pale, emaciated, weak;  
No gleam of joy breaks from my heavy eye,  
For sorrow soon will bleach joy's rosy cheek.

My cherish'd hopes of happiness are fled;  
Cold is my heart, inanimate my breast;  
Why should I live, when every joy is dead?  
Laid low in earth—my spirit then might rest.

And yet, methinks my soul would not depart,  
Still would it linger in this drear abode;  
For yet one charm encompasses my heart,  
And that alone, supports life's cheerless load.

Well dost thou know my heart did fondly love,  
And still does love the parent of my child;

Oh, let her prayer, your kind compassion move,  
Lest phrensied thought should drive a mother wild.

For potent grief, perhaps, will break the tie  
Which binds my sorrowing widow'd heart to earth;  
Urg'd by despair, my spirit quick may fly,  
Ere passion yields and gives reflection birth.

Oh, who would then protect the tender plant,  
The kindest, sweetest, tenderest, gift of heaven;  
Or who would shield its helpless form from want,  
Was my poor reason from her empire driven.

My friend, my husband, you have yet the power,  
My happiness, my all depends on you;  
Oh, will you make me bless again, the hour,  
Or curse the time, when first my breath I drew.

SOLUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

*To a lively Brunette, who desired the author to make some verses on her.*

Do not expect me to compare  
The snow-white lilly, love, to you,  
For candour prompts me to declare  
The lilly fairest of the two,  
And should I say the roses hue,  
On thy soft cheek more freshly glows,  
'Twould be a compliment to you,  
But very little to the rose.  
But who would quit so warm a breast,  
To dangle after rose or lilly?  
For many in their colours dress'd,  
Are things as senseless and as silly.  
Say, who that feels a kindred glow,  
Would quit a heart so fond so true,  
To seek a bosom white as snow,  
Perhaps with all its coldness too?

EPIGRAMS.

While Joe moves all too quick, or all too slow,  
No hour of joy can be the hour of Joe:  
But Nic (sly rogue!) is ne'er too slow nor quick;  
The nick of time is still the time of Nic!

A Fool and Knave, with different views,  
For Julia's hand apply:  
The Knave, to mend his fortune, sues,  
The Fool, to please his eye.

Ask you, how Julia will behave?  
Depend on't for a rule,  
If she's a Fool, she'll wed the Knave—  
If she's a Knave, the Fool.

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